The Seed Sower.

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Symbols.

I watched a rose-bud very long,
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then when I thought it should be strong,
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at evensong.

I watched a nest from day to day,
A green nest full of pleasant shade,
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:
But when they should have hatched in May
The two old birds had grown afraid
Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
That I had tended so with care,
Hoping its scent should fill the air;
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
Their ancient promise had been fair—
I would have vengeance now.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
And the eggs answered me again:
"Because we failed dost thou complain?
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
Should also take the rod?

C. ROSSETTI.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Christian Brotherhood.*

A SERMON

BY THE REV. AMBROSE BENNETT, M.A.

"*In your love of the brethren supply love.*"—II. PETER, 1—7.

Love of the brethren is a constant theme with the writers of the New Testament. Never do they kindle into greater eloquence than when they are describing its nature and effects. They never weary of dwelling on its uplifting influence upon themselves. "We know that we have passed out of death into life," says St. John, "because we love the brethren." Constantly do they exhort men to realise how great a treasure it is and to make it their possession. They regard it as the essential expression of the Christian life. "Concerning love of the brethren," writes St. Paul, "ye have no need that we write unto you; for you yourselves are taught of God to love one another." And the favourite terms by which they address their readers indicate how much this truth means to them, for now they speak to them as "beloved," now as "brethren," the two names being used as equivalent and interchangeable.

It is of importance to notice one point concerning this employment of the term "brethren," a point which may very easily

* Preached in Holbeck, Leeds, at Annual Meeting of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union, June 10th.

escape attention. There is a certain limitation in the use of the word "brethren" in the New Testament. Where it occurs it has a special reference to members of the Christian churches. Where St. Paul, for instance, addresses the brethren he means those who belong to the Christian community, those who have entered into bonds of fellowship with other converts in the various places in which the Gospel has been preached. The special meaning of the term in the great majority of cases is fellow-Christians rather than fellow-men. Love of the brethren, therefore, means especially love of fellow-Christians, love as the mutual relation in which fellow-members of the Christian community dwell. By the brotherhood they mean the church, the congregation of fellow-believers. Thus, you will observe, there is a limitation in the use of the term "brotherhood." We can see it appearing in such an example as the familiar exhortation in the 1st Epistle of Peter, which runs—"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood." A distinction is clearly implied between the brotherhood and all men. The brotherhood is the portion of mankind made up of those who have drawn together into a closer bond than the merely human tie furnishes and partake of the common life of a corporate body.

Now I suppose it is quite possible to mistake the force of this limitation. I can imagine a hasty reader misinterpreting it altogether. I can imagine him saying, "There is a certain narrowness here which I do not like. Why should a distinction be drawn between "the brethren" and the rest of mankind? Why should only fellow-believers, fellow-members of the Christian congregations, be called brothers? Are not all men brothers? The words appear to have a hint of exclusiveness in them. May we not suppose that to such passages sectarian exclusiveness everywhere could appeal for justification of its claims?"

I think I do not misrepresent things when I say that it is quite possible for persons of a certain order of mind and experience to find some difficulty when they discover that love of the brethren in the New Testament means expressly fellow-Christians rather than fellow-men.

It is important, therefore, to understand that though brotherhood in the New Testament has this limited sense, it does not carry with it any necessary implication of exclusiveness. The brotherhood of Christian believers is not inconsistent in any way with the brotherhood of men. The two are not irreconcilable. And that this is so we can easily see when we appreciate the relation between the two which the whole teaching of the New Testament affirms. They are not conceived as ideas differing in the range of their application, the one particular, the other universal. They are regarded rather as two stages in a process, or better still, the one is looked upon as the means and the other as the end. Love of all men is the great aim, the ultimate achievement. But it is something that has got to be learnt, that has got to be produced. Love is an energy and a power that we should be able to distribute wherever we go. But it requires creating, it does not come by nature, and the means of creating it and sustaining it lies in the brotherhood. It is, as it were, the generating station whence the love we are to distribute universally must be supplied.

The fact is, the true explanation of why the brotherhood of Christians has a more prominent place than the brotherhood of man is to be found in the intensely practical interest which pervades the New Testament. The writers are not primarily concerned with theories about man, they are bent upon the specific purpose of doing something for him,—in plain terms, the practical business of redeeming him from his sins. Their concern with the congregations to which they write is always practical, they look at them as means for producing certain effects, agencies created not for themselves but for the world. Consequently brotherhood to them is always above all things a practical matter. It is not a theory about the mutual relations of men which they are anxious to prove to the satisfaction of the intellect, it is a visible and tangible undertaking on which their practical energies are engaged.

There are two perceptions underlying the counsel before us which practical wisdom has furnished.

1. There is first the perception of the difficulty men find in acting as brothers to one another. I am afraid the brotherhood of man is often spoken of as though it were a self-evident truth, and therefore a very easy idea to appropriate The brotherhood of man, looked at as an abstract conception of what men ideally are in their mutual relations, is one

thing, and in one sense it is an easy thing, viz., in the sense that it easily wins men's consent and approbation. But, looked at as it were from the other end, no longer as some lofty conception floating above us, but as a principle of action which is to govern every detail of our personal conduct, looked at from the end which touches each one of us personally and individually, as something not for our judgment to approve, but rather for our will to resolve upon and to achieve,—that is a different thing altogether, and there is nothing easy, nothing simple, about that. It is, on the contrary, a task of infinite hardness, demanding infinite toil.

Now, when we recognise this, when we deplore the unhappy divisions that in various ways keep men from men, we may treat the fact in two different ways. We may allow ourselves to grow cynical and make it the starting point for sarcastic comment on the discrepancies between Christian profession and Christian practice, and on the failure of Christianity. Or we may take another attitude altogether. We may be struck most of all by the intrinsic hardness of the task that is set us in realising our human brotherhood. We deplore man's frequent failure, but at the same time we recognise that it is failure in an enterprise of tremendous difficulty. This is the attitude of the New Testament. It recognises the difficulty of the task, and all it offers is aimed at removing it. For the centre of the difficulty is found in the individual human heart, in its crass selfishness, in the self-regarding view of things to which it is prone. This it is that requires to be overcome. Something there must be that is strong enough to overcome and root it up. Mighty obstacles lie in the path; mighty must be the agency that is sufficient to remove them. That agency the New Testament finds in the Christian bond, in so far as men are in Christ, in so far as they are born anew through his spirit and have begun to live from a different centre than themselves, they will find it increasingly possible to conquer the native selfishness of the heart, and to love one another as brethren.

2. A second perception underlying this counsel is the appreciation of a fundamental truth respecting human nature. The writer of this Epistle wants each individual to whom he writes to be supplied with such a power to love that it will control his behaviour to all men. But he sees that this power must come in the one way that it is possible for any power to come. It cannot come to a man as something dropping out of heaven for his private benefit. It can only come to him through association with others. Man is "a social animal," and it is a law of his nature that he cannot develop as an individual except through association with something wider than his own personality. It is only because each of us has always been from birth part of a larger whole, part of a family, part of a society, part of a nation, that we have been able to become conscious of our own individuality. In like manner if this power to love all men is to arise and become effective in us, it must come through similar means, it must come first through association with *some* men, the sense of corporate unity with the few will lead on to the sense of corporate unity with the many.

Such is the great conception of the function of the Christian Church depicted in the New Testament. In plain terms, it has committed to it the task of generating such stores of spiritual love as, circulating through the lives and activities of its members, may redeem the world.

"The brotherhood of man" is a phrase easily spoken, a phrase that lightly lends itself to the mere exuberance of sentiment. It is a phrase, I fear, that sometimes flatters our intellectual indolence. It would be well for us to remember that so long os we treat it as a beautiful idea for eloquent description, as the glowing inscription on a banner, we are doing much to make it impossible to become anything else. The true attitude, the attitude of practical men in a practical world, is that which we have seen to be taken by the writers of the New Testament, who are not wont to indulge in expansive generalities, and are very reserved and very silent concerning the brotherhood of man. Not because it is not the goal of all their striving, not because it is not the ideal that constantly beckons them and ever engages their passionate loyalty. But because they are too busy subserving the practical necessities of the enterprise. They are too busy building the foundations. They are not talking admiringly of the architect's plans, with chisel and hammer they are shaping the first stones of the temple. They are busy with the Christian brotherhood because it is the supreme

agency for making ultimately possible the universal brotherhood. For it is through Christ the Founder of their community that universal brotherhood has first become an intelligible conception and begun to take form as an effective reality. "If any man is in Christ," says St. Paul, "he is a new creature." He is a new creature because he has begun to live from a new centre. His old self-regarding, self-centred man is dead. To him now to live is Christ. There he sees humanity, ideal and representative, humanity as it is to be, humanity made perfect in love. Brotherhood has passed from a mere external picture into the motive force of an inward passion. It is no longer a wide imagination, without feature, without definite outline, vague, impalpable, it is changed into the vital power of loyalty to a personal Head, a loyalty in which all that is universal is enfolded as the fruit is enfolded in the seed. It is no longer a theme for contemplation, it is an operative energy regenerating the will and transforming the heart. Not an atom of its universality is endangered by this particular and concentrated affection. Nay, is is assured by it, assured through growth "in all things into him, who is the head, even Christ, from whom all the body, fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each several part, maketh the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love."

Brethren, we who are members of churches and actively interested in their concerns sometimes wonder within ourselves what connection it all has with the life of the great world, what effect it has on the establishment of the Kingdom of God among men. Sometimes we begin to doubt whether it has any appreciable result at all. We meet for our weekly worship, our prayer and praise, the holy exercises of our religion. We are occupied with our various congregational activities. We meet in our district associations for conference and the despatch of business. There arises at times the question, What has all this got to do with the Kingdom of God? Does it not all seem rather narrow and limited and particular beside that great universal conception? It is suggested sometimes indeed that when men draw together into a church, into a special form of association, suited to their several preferences, they are in a measure isolating themselves from the world. There are even those who hesitate to connect themselves with any religious society because they believe that in being called on to interest themselves in the doings of that particular community, and be active in its concerns, they are to that extent withdrawing themselves from the world outside, and they fear lest, becoming engrossed in the affairs of the smaller fellowship they should be turning their backs on the larger life beyond its borders.

That there is much in the history of religious bodies that excuses such a view is not to be denied. Again and again have churches given way to the temptation to become more interested in their own existence as institutions, in their own internal welfare, their own advancement, than in the furtherance of the great ends they are established to serve. We hear, for example, in Mr. Charles Booth's recent study of religious influences in London, of competition among several missions in a district, not so much a rivalry in good works as a rivalry in denominational success, for he tells us that it often happens that the success of one mission means the depletion of another. And, indeed, at all times it must be confessed that too much of the activity of religious bodies is mere propagandist activity, the work of beating up recruits for a cause, the business of making proselytes, and not the work that issues from the true saving passion, the passion of those in whose ears rings above all other sounds the cry of men and women for deliverance from the things that keep them back from life and peace and inward freedom, from the inveterate bondage of their sins.

The true safeguard, the true defence, lies, I believe, in a fuller grasp of that conception of the Christian Church which I have been endeavouring to interpret. We want a conception which will justify us in our attachment to our church-life, in the time we give, the thought we spend, the labour we contribute, to the affairs of the local church in which we are severally most interested and to the affairs of the whole body with which it is especially associated. We want a conception which will justify these particular affections both to ourselves and in face of the world. I would humbly urge it upon the churches represented here to-day. I would ask them to conceive themselves as so many stations for generating the energy of Christian love; to think, first, of the great need of men for the increase among

them of the sense of their common life; secondly, of the magnitude of the task by reason of the resistance of human wills imperfectly regenerated; and thirdly and above all, of the supreme agency by which alone that resistance can be effectively overcome.

I do not believe that before the largeness of the enterprise anything that we can do as church members will seem small or mean or out of proportion. On the contrary, I believe that it will make all we do far more worth doing. It will heighten the value of every detail of our work, however trivial it may appear, however small the congregation by which it is done. It will enrich our worship, add significance to every part of it, when we see that through the increase of personal holiness lies the increase of our effectiveness as helpers of mankind. It will give dignity to all those means by which we develop the inter-dependence of congregations, by which the stronger in numbers and substance are made to feel their responsibility for the weaker, and all are made to understand that it is in obedience to our obligations lies the satisfaction of our freedom.

"The Kingdom of God is not in word but in power." We shall learn that what we are engaged in is not so much the proclamation of a word as the transmission of a power; a power of which it has been said that "independently of our thoughts about it, is every day working its work among the consciences, the aspirations, the anxieties of thousands," a power that has gone on for nineteen centuries, that is going on still, that is "one of the elemental forces of the life we know,' a power that will continue to work its way until the last resistance has been destroyed.

The Guild of Plain Dressers.

We suppose we may say the Sumptuary laws are dead. A mistress who dismissed a servant for refusing to wear a cap would not, it is true, as we suspect, be compelled by any court to pay her month's wages, as the order to mark the difference of occupation by dress would be held to be a "lawful and reasonable command," and clergymen have been legally accused very recently of unbecoming costume; but no indictment asking for penalties against a man or woman who dressed above his station or beyond his means would stand much chance with a modern jury. The clearest charge from the Bench in favour of the existence of the law, the most learned argument from counsel against the allegation that it had become obsolete, would avail very little against the modern feeling that anybody has a right to wear anything he or she can buy. In England this anti-sumptuary feeling goes so far as to involve distinct dislike of special dress, dress intended to mark the profession of the wearer. Women-servants will not wear uniform except at Windsor. The Bishops suffer dreadfully from their epicene costume—we hear a rumour we cannot confirm that one or two of them have had the sense to appear in the House of Lords without it—and the High Church clergy have been at least as much injured in popular estimation by their long soutanes as by their resolution to live or die by their right to celebrate the communion standing north-east-and-by-east of the altar. The periwigs are falling off the coachmen, and though beadles still look grand, we question if twenty years hence a footman in livery will be a possibility. He will want the pins thrust into his calves to be too much "considered" in his wages. The idea, nevertheless, which penetrated the sumptuary laws, the notion that there is a standard of dress which befits each station, and which ought to be enforced somehow, if not by law then by opinion, still retains some influence, still, for instance, induces journalists all over England to republish a statement that some unmarried lady unknown out of her own county is going to found a Guild to promote simplicity, modesty, and inexpensiveness of dress.

We suppose the idea of this proposal is that a knot of women, the more highly placed the better, should form themselves into a society, and should favour all wearers of plain costume, should resolutely appear in dresses of Quakerish demureness, should defy the Lord Chamberlain, for example, by appearing at Court in gowns of drab silk close up to the chin, and brave the glances of their sex by attending church in cheap bonnets and dull merinos. They are to put down extravagance by cheapness, vulgarity by taste in plain materials, and immodesty by corsages less stiff than stocks, but quite as impervious to

the eye. They would not, of course, as they would sorrowfully admit, be able to enforce their laws, to fine Lady Dashaway for wearing point lace at 100 guineas the tunic, or to make Miss Rapid put on calico covered with printed sprigs; but they may, they think, create an opinion, as the Peace Society, and the Suppression of Vice Society, and other similar societies have succeeded, or think they have succeeded, in doing. They would, they think, set up a standard, and a standard, as we all know, is even in vicious times a help to virtue. It is a most excellent programme, of course, and one to which every right-feeling man is bound to give his support, particularly in eulogising it when his wife's bills come in, but there seems a little difficulty in its way in the absence of precise definitions. What is simplicity of costume? Of course, if the Guild is going to insist on a uniform all will be easy, and if it is very simple we shall be able to recognise at a glance all those who consider their neighbours over-dressed. Failing a uniform, however, it will be difficult to fix on a standard other than this—that dress shall not be extravagant according to the station and means of the wearer, and the Guild comes at once right athwart all the conditions of modern society. What is station? Who is to settle when a woman dresses beyond her rank? Station has come to depend too completely on the public appreciation of station, while as to extravagance, no definition can be so much as attempted. Mrs. Blank's husband is making five thousand a year, and she spends one on dress—there is a clear case of extravagance, surely. Surely *not*, if he, having perhaps no children, finds his pleasure in his wife's adornment, and at the bottom of his commercial soul thinks diamonds and lace remarkably good investments, rising, as they do, if well selected, some five per cent. a year. The charge of extravagance depends too much upon circumstances, income, taste, and degrees of judgment, to be capable of proof by reference to any standard whatever capable of recognition by the world, and the attempt to enforce cheapness even by opinion would only end in a large amount of oppressive interference with the right of individual will. Society has no more right to prevent Smith giving his wife a sealskin jacket worth 100 guineas than to prevent him from giving her a portrait by Sergeant costing perhaps £1000. One gift may be sillier than another, but among the clearly-established rights is that of being affectionately silly. It is the same with simplicity—which, to begin with, is of all the millinery virtues perhaps the most unendurably costly. Let the Guild just consult a few Quaker friends, or ask Poole what it costs a year to produce some of his quiet, unobtrusive dandies. But then, it is said, simplicity, apart from the question of cost, is so "right," so "becoming," so Christian. Is it? Why? It is very foolish to waste money wanted for higher duties on dress; it is very wrong to dress lasciviously; and it is very inexpedient to dress in an excessively conspicuous manner; but with those three dogmas, it seems to us, the morality, social or real, of the matter ends. There is no more harm in a woman being brightly dressed than in a flower being brightly dressed, no more wrong in an innocent woman's study of dress-effects than in an orator's study of pose, or elocution, or poetic effects. Drab is not in itself holier than scarlet one whit, and the subdued colours are no more favourable to virtue than they are to artistic beauty. Nature hates them, and the notion that they are virtuous is an absurd effect of English bad taste. Phryne dressed in spotless white, and among the really vicious races, like the Turks of Constantinople, female dress has as little brilliancy as grace. There is absolutely no reason for simplicity except economy, and no Guild of Fashion could settle what for any particular individual was economical or the reverse. The only real departure from simplicity now common is the rapidity with which a really pretty dress is laid aside, and that practice does not arise from any social pressure which a Guild or Academy of Fashion could help to suppress, but from the spirit of pecuniary ostentation which has infected society, and which is no worse in female dress than in any other department of life.

We are not denying that many women do dress extravagantly; we only deny that there is any arbitrary standard which can enable any Guild to try an individual member. On the contrary, we maintain that in this, as in most other departments of life, there is a moral right of free-will to choose colours, to choose materials, to choose cut, without perpetual ferences to the moral sphygmograph, or regis-references to the moral sphygmograph, or register of the moral pulse. S. K.

Robert Louis Stevenson.*

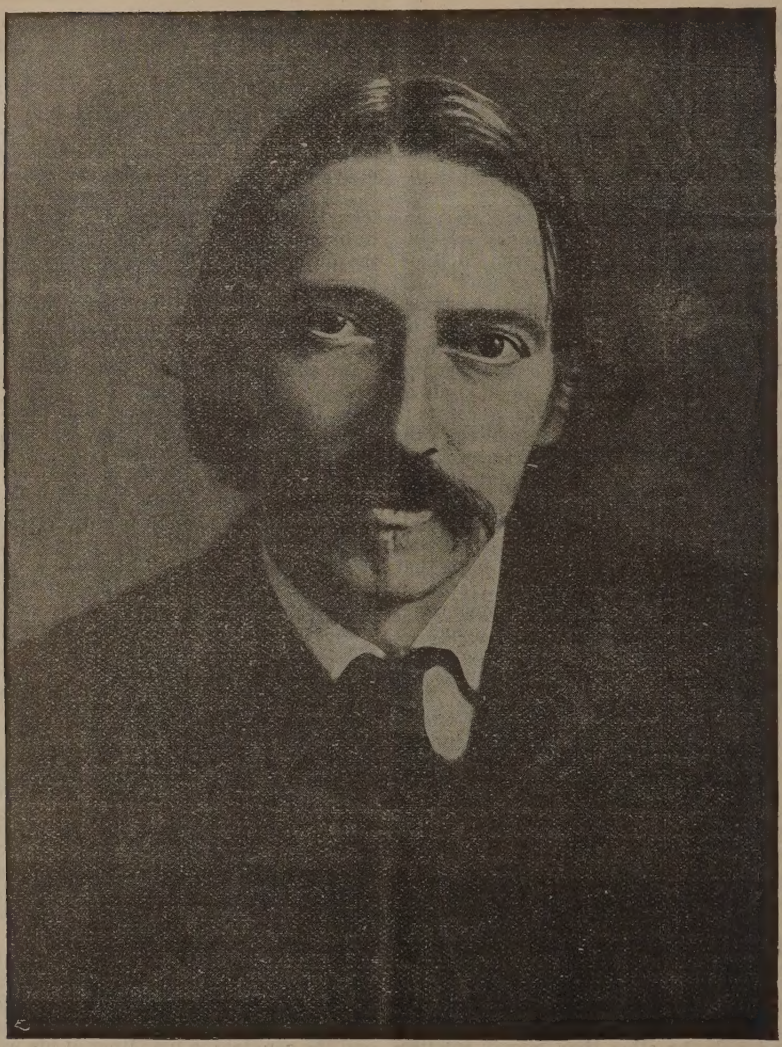
1. THE SAINT.

All readers and lovers of Stevenson will turn with interest to Mr. Kelman's delineation and analysis of Stevenson's faith. Everyone has known and felt the spirit of religion breathing in Stevenson's writings—in his various essays on ethical subjects, his Christmas sermon, his prayers written for the Sunday evening family worship at Samoa. Yet even to those familiar with this aspect of Stevenson's work and character Mr. Kelman's book is a revelation, showing how religion was not only the fundamental thing in his hero, but that there was in his life a rare moral sweetness, beauty, and fibre, often reaching up to a kind of saintliness, and also how he was a constant and convincing preacher of an ennobling faith. In every fibre of him Stevenson was a religious man, as, indeed, were so many of the great souls of the 19th century, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Lincoln, Gladstone, Gordon, Emerson—the list is unending. His religion was the religion of all the poets—a faith that cannot be expressed in dogmatic creeds, a religion to which definite doctrinal statements are abhorrent. Stevenson never attempted to put his faith into systematic, intellectual form. His belief was a programme for the conduct of life rather than any theory of things. Mr. Kelman would call it the religion of sentiment were not that word so often confounded with sentimentalism. Sentimental Stevenson is not. On the contrary, he is shrewd, robust, healthy. It would be difficult to find a writer so voluminous and so popular in whose works so little of the sentimental is to be found. The religion of sentiment has nothing to do with gush, the upturned eye, the tears at command, petty philanthropisings, or what the old religionists used to call "a feeling heart." The religion of sentiment is compounded of deep emotion, the perception of natural and moral beauty, the instinctive sense of God, the faculty of soul which knows and sees, and hears and feels, by other than merely intellectual processes. It has no need of elaborate arguments; it rarely uses the instruments of logical proof. And when religious sentiment so compounded flows forth to action, moved by winds of God, men and angels desire to look into these things. The religion of dogma, the religion that is of precise definition, is far removed from that religion of sentiment in which all poets and all mystics, and all simple folk, shepherds, fishermen and others, live and move and have their being. Stevenson understood well that saying of Joubert's—"It is not hard to know God provided one will not force oneself to define Him." Alas! too often it happens that when definition comes in at the door religion flies out at the window. If pressed for definition of his faith, Stevenson would have replied that "there still are some whose God no house of words that men have built can contain."

Brought up as a child in the dreary school of Scotch Calvinism, Stevenson early revolted from that intolerable creed, and there was for a time a painful breach between himself and his father. Neither the theology nor the traditional proprieties of Calvinism—such as Sabbatical strictness—could possibly hold him. He was a child of nature, with a good deal of the Bohemian in his blood. As a boy he would rather companion with sailors, shepherds, chimney sweeps, and their like, than be brushed and combed and dressed up to go to Edinboro' children's parties. To the end he was one of the most unconventional of men; preferred, as he said, "an open-air bath in a stream of the Cevennes to dabbling among dishes in a bedroom," and declared, when on a little schooner tossing amid terrific storms, "Life is far better fun than those people dream who fall asleep among chimney-stacks and telegraph wires."

At one time he seems to have revolted not only from Calvinism, but from religion itself. At bottom, however, his "youthful atheism" was just a stormy protest against thrusting the forms and dogmas of religion upon people for its essence. The bitterness that for a while separated father and son lay in the fact that the one was questioning ideas and observances which the other regarded as impious to examine. To the father doubt was infidelity, and the son, taking his father at his word, said, "Very well, if I must choose between Calvinism and infidelity, the latter has my vote." Neither father nor son knew at that time of the temperate zones in religious thought. You must either live in the arctic region of Calvinism or the antarctic region of Atheism. The

* "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by John Kelman, M.A. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh and London, 1903.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

world had but two poles, and both of them were ice-bound, while the sunny and fruitful lands of liberal religion between them were as yet an undiscovered continent. Stevenson's experience was that of thousands who, driven from orthodoxy, fancy that religion has no other standing ground, and that the only alternative is to forswear all religion. Would that,

like Stevenson, they might in time come to the conviction that the essence of Religion is not in doctrines and opinions about which men differ, but in loyalty to the Best one knows, and that religion has a foundation in human life and experience, in nature, conscience, and affection, far deeper than all intellectual statements of it, hammered out in fiery dispute.

By what steps Stevenson came to a settled faith and a happier mind is not quite clear. Two influences are mentioned—his friend Fleming Jenkins' saying, that if orthodox theology is an unstable foundation, scepticism is no foundation at all. That seems to have set Stevenson on a new track. Scepticism no foundation for anything! Truly, no, for you cannot make a vacuum and then build on it. The second influence noted is that of Emerson's great dictim, "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." Whatever came of it, Stevenson resolved to be true to his own soul. "I too have a soul of my own, arrogantly upright, and to that I will listen and conform." Trusting his own soul, listening to an inward voice, Stevenson grew to be sure about certain things—sure as a rock; that God is, that God is love, that God is man's helper, that duty is sacred, that trouble means blessing not cursing, that we are here to make others happy, that cheerfulness, joy, sunshine, that effort, courage and strenuous labour, faith in the ultimate triumph of good, unconquerable hope for all men—these were the strands that made up for him a true faith and a noble life.

To some it may sound incongruous to speak of Stevenson as a saint. But saints are of various kinds, and we need not hand over that beautiful word into the sole keeping of anæmic, ascetic, cadaverous persons, for whom joy, gaiety, songs and sunshine are suspicious things. Too long we have associated saintship with life in monasteries and nunneries; or with separation from the world and the activities of business; or with bodily starvation, tortures and scourgings; or with something rigid and peculiar, the emaciated cheek and downcast eye—something, in short, that marks an exclusive *caste*, as wide apart from other good men as the material church fabric in the street differs from the busy shops with which it is surrounded. Accordingly, if it is suggested that a quite ordinary person, a cabman, or a hatter, or a railway guard, or a bank clerk, or a boatswain's mate, or a gallant officer, or a writer of novels and plays, may be a *saint*—a saint in the sight of God and angels—a "Saint James," or "Saint John," or "Saint Peter," in the real sense in which those very apostles were saints—there are many who would deem the supposition almost irreverent, if not actually profane. But what is saintliness? Simply human goodness carried a little higher than ordinary levels. The saint is eminent, not for his prayers and scourgings, but for his goodness.

Sir Walter Scott's dying advice to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear," contains the whole secret of saintliness—and among good men Stevenson stands prominently forth. No doubt the goodness which ripens into saintliness is something more than the observance of an ethical code. It connects itself with faith—it is vividly conscious of God. And it has already been stated that faith in God was the deepest thing in Stevenson. Nature in all her moods spoke to him of God. Describing a stormy night in Samoa, he writes, "When we must sit in the dark, for the wind would not suffer any light, and so loud was the roaring of the rain and the beating boughs on the roof that we must sit in silence also . . . . in such hours . . . there is a communion impossible in any chapel-of-ease, even in any cathedral. You are alone with God—with one face of Him, that is; which he who blinks, blinks at his peril." This is not the force of logic; it is a soul's experience. Such a man says, "*I have felt.*" This fundamental thing in Stevenson, faith in God, comes out in many ways. Here are his verses about his wife,—

MY WIFE.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The Great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The Mighty Master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer, true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The August Father
Gave to me.

And here, in a very different vein, is a postscript from a letter to W. E. Henley:—

Sursum Corda:
Heave ahead:
Here's luck,
Art and Blue Heaven,
April and God's larks,
Green leaves and sky-scattering river.
A stately music,—
Enter God!

"Ay, but you know until a man can write that, 'Enter God,' he has made no art! None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some."

Now, this faith in God and God's goodness was all the more remarkable in Stevenson because of the intense suffering he went through—suffering which might well have shaken a man's faith in the Divine Love. For twenty years he was engaged in a life and death struggle with diseases that would have overwhelmed many men. His work was done under difficulties which it would be difficult to match. Consumption and heart disease early marked him for their own. Once he wrote to George Meredith, "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me *I have won my wager and recovered my glove.* The battle goes on, ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field shall be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." He never gives way, never desponds, never complains, never fails to be cheerful, strenuous, alive. When Ophthalmia confines him to a darkened room he composes some of his verses for a child, and among them the lines—

The world is so full of a number of things
I am sure we all should be happy as kings.

When the hemorrhage is so bad that he is forbidden to speak, lest speaking may bring on another attack, he dictates a novel in the deaf and dumb alphabet. Each new assault of outrageous fortune Stevenson understood as a challenge, never as a doom. His life-journey was a forced march through a desert land, but ever he goes on with song and gaiety and brightness, as of a day in June in a garden of Eden. He keeps sweet in temper, hopeful in outlook, brave and faithful always. A constant invalid, yet nobody could be more unselfish, more generous, more thoughtful for others, or more filled with a sense of ministry. And if to bear suffering, not only with patience, but with the conviction that it comes from One who means good and not ill, to bear it so as to find the blessing hidden within it, be a sign of saintliness, then was Stevenson a saint indeed.*

JOSEPH WOOD.

Notes and Jottings.

May Meetings are over. The echoes of anniversaries have died away. People have little taste for ecclesiastical polemics or the severe tasks of thought; for it is summer, the time of rest. We believe that in some quarters of the newspaper world August is known as the silly season. It is not a very happy epithet. We need not be silly because for a few weeks we have ceased to be strenuous. For religion the annual furlough is a priceless boon. It is well for men to take it with them out of the excitement of great cities. It needs to be loosed from its bondage to machinery. In the wide spaces of the world, in great books and the quiet depths of friendship, we recover some of the mind of Christ. For many months we have realised how much work there is to be done. The summer mood of religion dwells chiefly on the grace to be received.

The death of Mr. W. E. Henley removes one more from the small group of writers of original gift. Many people first learned to listen to him and to admire him as the friend of R. L. Stevenson, and his defection from that early friendship, so vehemently confessed, was not easy to forgive. He belonged to the virile school of poets, with its boisterous self-assertion, its glorification of the physical side of life, and its self-conscious pose. We are tempted sometimes to speculate whether he and Stevenson would have achieved even greater success if they had been gifted with normal health. As it is, the refusal to be beaten rings through all their work, and is part of its fascination.

* An article on "Stevenson the Preacher" will appear in our next.

As a poet Henley owed little to his predecessors. He was intensely modern, as in the swift rush of his last poem "Speed," and often frankly pagan. Perhaps he never wrote anything more characteristic than "Invictus," in which he thanks "whatever gods may be" for his "unconquerable soul." It is modern Stoicism, and owes little or nothing to Christianity. But he had also sometimes a deeper and more spiritual strain, as in the following lines with their unforgettable atmosphere of peace:—

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies:
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.
The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

The visit of President Loubet to London has filled all the newspapers with pæans of rejoicing. There has been talk of eternal amity in many quarters which refused a few months ago to listen to a single good word about France. We have no taste for these sentimental heroics; but we rejoice in a certain measure of recovered sanity. The growing want of sympathy with other nations, and the rapid disappearance of cosmopolitan feeling, have been among the most disquieting aspects of recent political developments. Anything that helps to restore the idea of the Christian commonwealth, and to call a truce to jealous recriminations, is to be hailed with the utmost satisfaction. Even if our present mood of friendship should be short-lived, and at present we see no reason to fear that it will be so, there will be time for the growth among serious people of fresh interest in the social life and politics of France, and in the extraordinary developments of liberal thought which have taken place recently within the borders of French Catholicism.

Perhaps on the wake of the Gordon-Bennett race and the King's visit we may expect a revived interest in Ireland and things Irish. Most Englishmen know enough of her fitful moods and her turbulence, but it is still very few who have yielded to her fascinations. We fear that for twenty people who read a book like "Priests and People," and shake their sapient heads over it, at the most two or three have any acquaintance with Father Sheehan's "My New Curate," or Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers," or Mr. Zeat's last volume of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil." But it is in the latter that the heart of the people of the west and south is revealed, so full of poetry and mysticism, so steeped in Catholic piety. Some people hope to see the ties between England and Ireland knit closer by the development of tourist agencies. The freer circulation of English money may accomplish a good deal on the surface, but it can never do the work of imaginative sympathy, which is part of religion.

"On the Sands."

After all, there was no need for Canon Kingsley to set about inventing a Paradise for children *under* the sea. The sea-*side* is the Eden of all small human creatures, and surely just now it seems that every English child alive is born a water-baby. Look at a mite of five when it first beholds the ocean. How its round blue eyes dilate, and its little chest heaves with delight, and in a minute or two it is scampering pell-mell down the beach, ready, not "to take arms against a sea of troubles"—for it knows nothing about the troubles of sea and land—but to rush into the embrace of that great, glorious, living thing which is lying below. Then papa laughs, and mamma screams and catches hold of collar or frock, as the case may be, and Charley or Amy is duly instructed that that vast rolling ocean is rather a formidable playfellow, and that it will be time enough to make quite the closest acquaintance by and by, when the bathing machines will be in requisition. Then comes the interminable delight which every boy and

girl who ever came to the sea-side has enjoyed, and which scarcely hoary and gouty and philosophic elder can forbear to join with infinite diversion—the great game of "Catch, catch," with the waves. To run down the wet shingle just when a subsiding billow has left empty space, and then to run up again—pursued by the peril, if not of life, yet of wet shoes and stockings, by the next big wave—is there any fun in ball-rooms in after years to be compared thereto? Secretly, at the bottom of its naughty little heart, every child hopes and longs to be overtaken by the water, and never goes home entirely happy unless that catastrophe has occurred and called forth the wails of Mary Jane, the nursemaid, or the stern remonstrances of that awful personage, Mrs. Snubchild, the head nurse. Then the sea—especially on flat beaches when the tide is flowing—has such a cunning trick of seeming to have reached to the end of its tether, and then going on in a large, smooth, white sweep, ever so many yards further up than Charley or Amy could have reasonably expected it, and even reaching the spot where Dicky and Trotty are constructing a Tower of Babel out of the pebbles! Who can blame little people if the waves do catch them round the ankles under such circumstances, and afford them the inexpressible delight of feeling their feet wet with the cool brine? Of course, all the time Gypsey and Muff are scampering in and out, rolling over each other and barking with ecstasy, to make a staccato accompaniment to the children's laughter—that blessed laughter, which does not imply the recognition of any witticism in particular, only the best of all good jokes, that we are young, and the sun is bright, and the sea is beautiful, and life is altogether a delight.

Surely some of our ancestors, human or otherwise, must have not only been Troglodytes, and lived in caves, but at a previous epoch must have dug themselves abodes underground, like foxes and Laplanders. It cannot possibly be imitation, much less instruction, which makes every child find the process of grubbing up the sand and making a small pit suitable for the reception-room of a doll a source of undying interest. The little Dot, who can just toddle, seizes her tiny spade and works away with a will till her hat tumbles over her eyes, and she looks up with a face like a Jacqueminot rose on a world whose existence she had quite forgotten in the absorbing interest of her task. And that big schoolboy of eleven, who talks so grandly of all the "awfully jolly" things done at Flogborough School, to whom his aunt scarcely ventured to present the juvenile instrument—he, too, shoulders his spade and shows how holes are dug, by no means unconscious of pleasure in opening out a den into which poor little Dot herself might be imprisoned. Of course, it is specially delightful if the sand can be carefully emptied into some particularly unsuitable receptable, say papa's chimney-pot hat or mamma's work-basket, and deposit therein that gritty-sticking dampness which pertains to the wet carpet of the shore.

One of the great charms of the sea-shore is the *imprévu*. Nobody can possibly guess what the last tide may have left—shells, crabs, sea-urchins, sea-weed, star-fish, sea-mice, cuttle-fish—nay, all the treasures of buried galleons; everything is possible. Columbus, taking his first walk at Santa Cruz, was not more unaware of what he might meet than is every man, woman, and child who passes along the sea-side immediately after a receding tide. When the autumn winds have been blowing freely, and the spring tides have carried their treasures far up the beach, and then gone out again to their far-off bounds, we have before us a field new strewn with wonders, which no human eye ever saw before, and which we may pick up and put in our pockets without anybody disputing our prize. To those who have read wise books, and know all about the curious creatures, and can call them by their right names, the interest of discovering them, of course, is great; but it is by no means necessary to be so learned to find it the best of amusements to make patterns with the pretty crimson scallops and white razor-shells, and turn the long salt-smelling wreaths of sea-wrack into weather-glasses, and watch those too deliciously absurd little crabs waddling away sideways on the tips of their toes.

A pretty sight is the beach of an English sea-side town in summer to those who like to see happiness of the most innocent and healthful sort on a large scale at once; and very happy are the parents who can afford to give their darlings such pleasure, and to look forward for the rest of the year to the time when, if little cheeks should be somewhat pale, and cloudless young eyes not so bright as they

ought to be, the mischief will be remedied surely and pleasantly by a month at Hastings, or Ramsgate, or Scarborough, or Tenby. It is not easy to forget, however, that there are parents who cannot do this, to whom it is as impossible to take their children to the sea as to the moon, and yet who watch them, week after week, pining in the hot, close city for want of such air and light and play of limbs and lungs. Perhaps the poor little creatures are failing altogether from poor food and bad air, or growing crippled with hip disease, or perishing in one of the hundred forms of scrofula and decline. The hospitals cannot receive such patients, and say they could do no good in such cases were they able to make room for them. "If the child could have good air and food indeed, with proper care, it is possible its life might be saved, but otherwise——" And the poor mother takes home this verdict, and tells it to her over-worked and careworn husband, and they look in each other's faces, and that is all. They can do nothing; and by and by, before next spring, a little coffin is taken out of their doors, or, perhaps—almost worse for them and for their child—there is a poor, helpless, and suffering cripple cast for life upon the charity of people already in the grip of poverty. Certainly, of the many ways in which human hearts are moved to help each other, there can be few in which the aid can come more tenderly than when such little sufferers are invited away from their close city lodgings and poor surroundings, and brought to bright, cheerful homes near that ever-delightful sea, and treated as pets and visitors, fed with the fresh country food, and milk, and vegetables, and allowed to play all day long, as their strength may permit, under careful guardianship, along the sandy beach. They, too, have their wooden spades and tiny, little toy barrows to fill with sand, and the fresh sea air kisses their poor pale cheeks as freely as the rosy ones of the children of prosperity, and very soon the light comes into their eyes, and perhaps ere very long, God willing, the poor, pallid-like mortal who came down returns home brisk and hopeful, to be a useful man or woman hereafter, not a helpless burden of pain for the rest of a life-time.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

God is All in All.

A MEDITATION BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

1. God alone is in heaven; God is all in all. Eternal Lord, I acknowledge this truth, and I adore Thee in this sovereign and most glorious mystery. There is One God, and He fills Heaven; and all blessed creatures, though they ever remain in their individuality, are, as the very means of their blessedness, absorbed, and (as it were) drowned in the fulness of Him who is *super omnes, et per omnia, et in omnibus.* If ever, through Thy grace, I attain to see Thee in heaven, I shall see nothing else but Thee, because I shall see all whom I see in Thee, and seeing them I shall see Thee. As I cannot see things here below without light, and to see them is to see the rays which come from them, so in that Eternal City *claritas Dei illuminavit eam, et lucerna ejus est Agnus*—the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. My God, I adore Thee now (at least I will do so to the best of my powers) as the One Sole True Life and Light of the soul, as I shall know and see Thee to be hereafter, if by Thy grace I attain to heaven.

2. Eternal, Incomprehensible God, I believe, and confess, and adore Thee, as being infinitely more wonderful, resourceful, and immense, than this universe which I see. I look into the depths of space, in which the stars are scattered about, and I understand that I should be millions upon millions of years in creeping along from one end of it to the other if a bridge were thrown across it. I consider the overpowering variety, richness, intricacy of Thy work; the elements, principles, laws, results which go to make it up. I try to recount the multitudes of kinds of knowledge, of sciences, and of arts of which it can be made the subject. And, I know, I should be ages upon ages in learning everything that is to be learned about this world, supposing me to have the power of learning it at all. And new sciences would come to light, at present unsuspected, as fast as I had mastered the old, and the conclusions of to-day would be nothing more than starting points of to-morrow. And I see, moreover,

and the more I examined it the more I should understand, the marvellous beauty of these works of Thy hands. And so I might begin again, after this material universe, and find a new world of knowledge, higher and more wonderful, in Thy intellectual creations, Thy angels and other spirits, and men. But all, all that is in these worlds, high and low, are but an atom compared with the grandeur, the height and depth, the glory, on which Thy saints are gazing in their contemplation of Thee. It is the occupation of eternity, ever new, inexhaustible, ineffably ecstatic, the stay and the blessedness of existence, thus to drink in and be dissolved in Thee.

3. O my God, what am I that Thou shouldst make my blessedness to consist in that which is Thy own! That Thou shouldst grant me to have not only the sight of Thee, but to share in Thy very own joy! O prepare me for it, teach me to thirst for it.

News from the Field.

We note with pleasure that the *Rev. H. Rawlins, M.A.*, has accepted a call to *Dereton;* that a presentation, by his congregation, has been made to the *Rev. W. G. Tarrant;* and that cordial appreciation has been evinced of the services of the *Rev. F. Allen* in taking leave of his work at *Stamford Street, London.* It will be difficult to find a man to supply *Mr. Allen's* place.

The usual Sunday School Anniversaries in *Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, &c.*, have been celebrated. Various preachers of eminence have occupied the pulpits, the gatherings have been large and enthusiastic, and the collections have, as usual, been on a most generous scale. If all our congregations throughout the country would follow the example of those in the North we should see a great improvement everywhere.

Mr. H. S. Perris, of London, is setting us a good example. He, with his choir and congregation, are trying the experiment of holding open-air services in *Regent's Park* on Sunday evenings, and are gathering a considerable number of people to listen to, and worship with them. Will others, among us, follow the example?

The *Swansea* people have had one of the accredited preachers of the Society of Friends in their pulpit, and both they and he seem to have enjoyed the experience. Our pulpits are always open to any earnest minister of other denominations, but it is a rare thing for a Unitarian minister to be invited to occupy any pulpit outside our own borders. But the day of better things and larger charity will dawn ere long.

We read with pleasure of the growing appreciation there is of the *Hibbert Journal.* Its circulation surpasses that of any previous venture our people have made, and its columns are enriched by the ripest scholarship of Christendom. The editors are to be congratulated on their fine work, and on the wide-spread approval of their fine efforts.

Dr. and Mrs. Crooker are enjoying their visits among us, and are giving and receiving pleasure as they speak in our various pulpits and meet our people in all parts of the country. They will carry back to the *United States* a knowledge and appreciation of our life and work here which will be a precious possession to them throughout their lives, and they will leave behind them very pleasing memories.

The discussions about the Ministers' Benevolent Society continue, and there is a growing feeling that its scope should be extended, so that as far as possible its benefits should be extended to all our ministers in all parts of the United Kingdon.

Our Colleges have been busy during the past month telling the story of their year's work, and sending their students who have finished their studies out into the field of work which lies open to their hands. *Oxford* tells a good story; *Carmarthen*, though having no Unitarian students at present, is pursuing its course satisfactorily; and *Manchester* sends able men, with academic qualifications and earnest spirits, out into the teeming fields of work in the northern districts.

There was a notable gathering at *Oxford*, under the genial presidency of the *Rev. T. Lloyd Jones*, to do honour to *Professor Upton* on his retirement from the Chair of Philosophy which he has filled with such distinction for so many years. The address presented to him, signed by 96 of his former students, many of whom are now distinguished men, must have given him great pleasure. He has done splendid work, and has won not simply the respect, but the warm affection of all the men who have studied under his guidance.

Willaston has held its speech-day, and has given a good account of its work. It has yet to win the confidence of our people generally, for there is a feeling that its doors are not open wide enough to admit the sons of many of our poorly-paid ministers, and that it is so thoroughly unsectarian that it stands aloof from the Unitarian founder and supporters, and gives a leaning towards the traditional churches rather than to those which made it what it is. It is well to remember the rock from which we are hewn.

Belfast has been doing honour to one of our co-religionists, the late Sir E. J. Harland, the founder of the great ship-building firm on the *Lagan.* The *Earl of Glasgow* unveiled a fine statue, in front of the new City Hall, and the principal men and women of the city were present to do honour to one of the greatest captains of industry, and one of the most devoted Unitarians of the last half century.

A number of our active associations have been holding their annual meetings, and in every case a vigorous spirit has been shewn, and a good record of work given. The *Yorkshire Union* met at Leeds, the *Eastern Union* at *Norwich*, and the *Provincial Assembly* at *Chowbent.* This *Provincial Assembly* marks the high-water level of our congregations in *Lancashire* and *Cheshire.* Its meetings this year were very large, very enthusiastic, and profoundly interesting. The venerable President, *Mr.*

F. Monks, of Warrington, sounded a clear key note, and all the proceedings of the day kept well in tune. It seems not unlikely that in this Province some of the aims contemplated by *Mr. Wood* in his Conference paper may speedily find realization. A leader like *Mr. Monks* will find generous and devoted followers. The speaking at the various meetings of the Assembly was of a high order.

Our friends across the Channel have had their *Remonstrant Synod*, and their *Non-Subscribing Association* meetings, and though they recorded no steps in advance, and defined no new schemes of work, they were animated with a good spirit, and are evidently only waiting for that breath of inspiration which is sure to come ere long. They were favoured with the presence and help of *Doctor Crooker*, who also preached at "*All Souls.*"

The *Manchester District Association* continues its monthly meetings to the churches, and quickens the life of the whole district. The latest meeting was held at *Monton*, and was specially interesting and successful. Other districts might profitably follow the example of *Manchester*.

The *Missionary Conference* held its annual meeting at the *Memorial Hall, Manchester*. The attendance was larger than usual, and the proceedings were animated and helpful. The President, the *Rev. W. G. Tarrant*, gave an admirable inaugural address, and the various papers read were stimulative of thought, and led to useful discussion. The Conference is carrying on work at *Windermere* and *Colwyn Bay*, and contemplates further work at *Crewe* and *Llandudno*.

We have lost some devoted friends during the past month. The *Rev. T. B. Broadrick*, after a strenuous ministry in various parts of the country; *Mr. C. W. Murland*, of *Castlewellan*, *Co. Down*, whose name has been prominent among Irish Unitarians for half a century past; gracious ladies like *Mrs. Alfred Lawrence*, *Mrs. Maria Cooper*, *Mrs. Constance Bache*, and, as the result of a terrible accident, *Mrs. Badland*, of *Whitchurch*. Losses like these make a grave appeal to those of us who are left to emulate what was highest and noblest in these old saints, so that we may prove ourselves worthy to continue the roll of the holy and the pure-hearted.

SCRUTATOR.

July 16th, 1903.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Joy of Obedience.

You are never happier than when you are good, because you know that you are doing what is right, and so it is that when we obey our Heavenly Father we are joyful, peaceful, confident, for our trust is placed in something far higher than ourselves. Jesus has said that the commands of our Heavenly Father are not heavy. They are indeed few and simple, and love makes them light; just the sort of love which makes you glad to obey your parents.

While I have told you that in all questions of right and wrong, we have the clear guidance of our Heavenly Father if we wish for it, there are many things which are not questions of right and wrong, and which we have to settle by our own common-sense for ourselves, and which are right for us to do, whichever way we may decide. So that you must not think, whenever there are two things to consider, that one must be right and the other wrong. Both may be right, and then you have to judge for yourself which you will do, feeling sure that when it comes to be a question of right and wrong your Heavenly Father will direct you, for you are a little child of His Kingdom, and He will ever be near to guide you. Whether you should walk, or run, whether you should play one game or play another, are not matters of right and wrong, but are for your own common-sense to settle; but whether you should be kind or cruel, selfish or unselfish, these are very different things, for the one is good and the other bad. So that you must not be anxious about little things, but trust in your Heavenly Father, knowing that when it is a matter of right and wrong He will make His will known to you if you wish it. And it is a beautiful truth, that by waiting on Him we grow ever better and wiser, so that we may not only do rightly but judge wisely.

Some kinds of wrong are worse than others. It is wrong to be careless, it is worse to be selfish, it is worst of all to be cruel or to be a hypocrite —that is one who knows he is bad, but who pretends to be good. So there are many kinds of wrong, great and little. It is wrong to wish to injure your brother; it is worse really to do it. Anger is a common cause of wrong-doing in little children, for when we are angry, hatred, cruelty, and revenge fill our minds with such a rush that we do bad things before we know what we are about. You will therefore guard against anger, and not let it be said that you were carried away into wrong-doing because you could not keep your temper. The Bible teaches us that anger never brings about right doing for God, and James beautifully says that peacemakers are the children of God. We must therefore seek to obey our Heavenly Father not only in keeping from anger, but in all our likes and dislikes, for disobeying Him in these little things makes disobedience easy, and may bring us into greater faults instead of our being kept away from them. When you are in any doubt, wait on your Heavenly Father and pray to Him, and He will make the way clear to you. When Jesus prayed in great sorrow in the moonlit olive garden near Jerusalem, when he knew that men were seeking to kill him, he said to his Heavenly Father, "Not my will but Thine be done."

Now, while there is only one way of doing what our Heavenly Father tells us to do, there are many ways of not doing it, just as if some one were to tell you to walk right forward to a certain place, and you were to stand still, or to go to one side or to the other side, or to turn round

and go backwards—all these would be disobeying the order to walk right forward. And so, when we know what our Heavenly Father wishes us to do, Self-will, excited by one desire after another, entices us to take our own way, and to do something different from His clear will, and it is often easier at the time to follow our own Self-will than to deny ourselves and obey Him. But while it may be easier and may give us pleasure at the time, it is always less happy in the end; for disobedience brings its certain punishment in doubt, confusion, terror, and pain, while everything which we do aright brings lasting peace, confidence, and joy. This joy and confidence in obeying our Heavenly Father is beautifully described in the Bible as the fruit of right doing. James, in his short letter, says that "The fruit of right doing is sown in peace of them that make peace;" while Paul, in a letter to his friends in Galatia, tells them to walk by the Spirit, and they will not do their own bad wishes. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, goodness, kindness, modesty, self-control; and Jesus himself said, "In this is God glorified, that you bear much fruit, and so shall you be my disciples."

To obey our Heavenly Father, then, is to be at once confident and joyful, while to disobey Him is to be doubtful, and in the end miserable; for to be good pleases our Heavenly Father, who will help us to be better, while to be bad is displeasing to Him, for it leads us to forget Him more and more, and to refuse His guidance, which is ever gentle and loving. And in the doubt and fear of disobedience, we lose that precious peace of Jesus, which Paul calls the peace of God that is greater than we can comprehend. And while, as I have said, our Heavenly Father's guidance is ever gentle and loving, and easily followed, and easily set aside, the Bible teaches us that His presence within us is greater than any fear or temptation that can trouble us, if we only wait on Him. John, the child-loving disciple, says in his first short letter, "You are of God, little children, and have won the victory; for greater is He that is in you than any that is in the world."

All good and wise men say that it is never difficult to know what our Heavenly Father would have us do, and that the best and greatest lives are they who in self-denial have known and obeyed Him best.

And as you grow older you will find that in yielding up your will in obedience to your Heavenly Father, duty and pleasure go together—duty to Him and joy to yourself—and it will become your sweetest peace and highest joy, the very flower and crown of every day, to live near to Him and to feel His gentle presence in the purity of your heart and life.

Remember, then, that obedience to your Heavenly Father is not hard, but joyful, and that trusting in Him you have confidence and strength, knowing that He that is with you is greater than anything that can be against you.

The Conscience and Future Judgment.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where Time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.
And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where Time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

C. W. S.

Men talk of "mere morality,"—which is much as if one should say, "Poor God," with nobody to help him.

What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' love remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.